



DE LA SOUL

BUHLOONE  
MIND  
STATE

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Eye Patch"

(Thank you, thank you, and for my latest basket of cherries, here it goes, baby!)

Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch  
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch  
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch  
(Everything I do's gonna be fine)

### [POS:]

Channeling in sync so my would bring (WHAT!)  
Wit dat, causin' all fat I'm responsible for ya diet  
(Keep it quiet!)

Yo I got beats. State this stitch on my national fabric  
My daughter will speak the arabic that's how I lift  
Levitate to my nation when holding up your nickels  
I pie like crumble so I Don like Rickles  
Like green on the pickle  
My papes are the up master of the cabbage patch

### [DOVE:]

Ya eyes got the latch

### [POS:]

So catch the cut, I hold the rut  
For the people's reminder when in Maseo Path  
I be the finder of the patch

### [DOVE:]

Can the cat's tongue slip, ya do the 'da dip'  
Take the horse into the jolly ranch  
Keep the hush  
The good, the bad, and Uncle Tom, beat it kid  
(Whoaaaa....!)

Do doo doo do do do do  
Show the sheep cause I found the food  
When I string the man wit the eye patch  
The eye patch  
When I'm walkin' it and could ya make it go sha na na na  
(Mmmmmmm)

### [POS:]

It sniffs good

Punks show disguises when I'm standing in the wood  
I be the in 'cause the brother holdin' glocks is out  
I be the in 'cause the pusher runnin' blocks is out  
I be the in 'cause the kid smokin' weed,  
Shootin' seed which leads to a girl's stomach  
Being 'bout a half a ton is out

Show the finger print  
And give me good grief for my lumber  
Pants will sag 'cause I'm licensed as a plumber  
Feel the Plug  
(Yo, something's wrong here)  
Now give a shout

[DOVE:] Yo what's up, I'd like to give a holler to Big 7 off in the  
Oakenone!

[POS:] And I bring an income in to my baby girl Twyla in White Plains and  
all my peoples out in Delaware.

[MASE:] Yeah yeah yeah, and I like to give a shout out to all those  
rappers who dissed us on records, and I wanna  
let you know you're still wack.

And oh yeah, I ain't mentioned no names 'cause you might f...

(All right. I'm sorry, I didn't know you were going back to that)  
(Ecoutez. Ecoutez.)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "En Focus"

(Biofeedback)

*[POS:]*

Ya go beats, meats, son Sheep  
I can't cook, but being a cook I'm servin' much to eat  
I got multiple stabs of jazzy  
Sassafrassy as I caught the fame of soul  
Years after mama had me tell ya gladly  
I plugged for the Tunin'  
Which cause eyes to zoom in

*[DRES:]*

Which put your person into focus

*[POS:]*

No longer Kelvin Mercer but the Posdnuos  
Plug One yo I found fun  
In the scribblin' of speak  
On a naked white sheet  
Most recognized by my dark brown self

*[DRES:]*

Yo you found some wealth?

*[POS:]*

More in my mind than in my pocket  
But I's got every Girbaud that ever sagged  
I met some hoes, met some girls  
Did a tour that took me all around the world

*[DRES:]*

Did a tour that took me all around the world

*[DOVE:]*

I hit the shines but I'm shooin' it now  
Remember when the floor might have had a spine  
Well it's all bent over  
The DayGlo nigga gets the red door mat  
It's a roller coaster  
When your shit's burnt toast  
Now Mr. Club Owner knows your jam  
When your jam is tha jam  
And there's a tab at the bar  
My mindstate's great  
No thanks I don't drink  
I sip the bobo  
Then I kettle it quick

I felt the heave in the jeave  
Tap it in the basement  
Diggin' my own understanding quick  
Let me get the single out  
Think Mr. Radio say the starlight  
Is the same star bright  
I'm thinkin' how a nine and a blunt is a switch  
But turn out the lights and some will go bitch  
It was one MC after one MC  
Play the lamp post do the blow wit dynamite  
Well it's okay and it's alright  
Cause our birthday cake's external light  
It'll all get graphic  
People made of plastic  
Look at the shine wit my 50 watt eye  
But when I got the eye patch I hit the latch  
I fame it to a name from Denver up to Maine  
And lovin' deluxe  
She won't catch me in no tux  
Nah, man I won't honor the style

(Curious, curious, curious, curious)

[DRES:] How you doing, my name is Dres, listen...

[SHORTY:] Isn't that Posdnuos? Oh, my...

[DRES:] Baby, what's wrong with me?

[POS:]

Funny funny how time flies  
When you have some light on the face  
Cause the focus is the fickle  
'Stead of fusin' I'm a use it  
To the utilize the trickle caught the rush  
But I play hush  
While Andres Titus is the grabbin'  
As a fan will put the hearts to mush  
Lush Dalea would hear the public beat  
The same way for Titus when he Blacked the Sheep  
But as the Knee went Deep  
To deeper off the charts  
The album faded to black  
That's when the amnesia starts

(Curious, curious, curious, curious)

[SHORTY:] Aren't you Dres from Black Sheep? What are you doing here? Who are you here with?

[DRES:] I'm with my man Pos, you know Pos...

[SHORTY:] Oh yeah, Positive K, I.. I like him...

(Stickabush, stickabush, stickabush, stickabush)

[DOVE:]

Hey boy, I watch that star man, shit's all in  
Should I shot it or begin

I saw bootleggas no shinin'  
I saw Big 4 go get shinin'  
A typical flick was the moment  
When the man said  
"Ain't you?" Yeah I is 'im  
Hush your mouth fallin' in cog  
Caught the light being True dog  
A fist of funk and I pocket that screen  
In the scene or in between  
Gimme but a little bit of the starlight  
I mail my ass to the darkness  
I dig it, I dug it  
I dig it, I dug it  
I wiz it, I was it  
I wiz it, I was it  
Oh Lord let me switch it off  
Because ya find some'll do it all  
For the light  
(Stop jivin')

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Patti Dooke"

(Why do we have to cross over?)  
(Why are niggas always crossing over, huh?)  
(I mean, what's the matter?)  
(They can accept our music as long as they can't see our faces?)

(One, Two, One Two; You got it)  
Wootah!

### [GURU:]

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke  
(It's the Patti what?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke  
  
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke  
(It's the Patti what?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

### [DOVE:]

Just the other day I got a starter kit  
(An M is a terrible thing to waste)  
Caught the face from the backs of the border of the mindstate  
I play control to a fraud  
(Nah it ain't happenin')  
Nada to make it even  
Robbin' and theivin' is one who infiltrates with a Colgate frown  
Y'all remember my nasal for I sniff frequencies  
(Well, it started in the year of '78)  
But it's '93 or should I say '94 for my style is much more  
(I said, "Come in")  
Come in  
(Come on)  
Come out into my reservoir  
As I macks a men your bastard style has just been stuck  
By a sticker with a 'frigerator lickin'  
What if... how's about why would  
Never thought that the napalm would bust the jeans

### [POS:]

Mash it up  
The one with the beard  
Mega moustache the beat (hide it)

Deep under sheets, cover this hint  
Hostin' all threats but watch out Mr. Jarbage  
Jimmy and the jet, standin' on the pier  
I'm known as the farmer  
Cultivatin' mate without mendin'  
Bendin', comprimising any of my styles to gain a smile  
Listen while you hear it  
There's no pink in my slip  
I reckon that the rhythm and the blues in the rap got me red  
While the boys from Tommy plant bridge crossin' to a larger community  
Yet they're soon to see I have a brother named Luck  
A nigga named Dres  
A groupie named Cassandra caught bobbin' on the head  
Of a Baby named Chris, I missed a kid who caught wreck when sayin'  
(Afrika and I when Sammy B's on the set)

[GURU:]

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke  
(It's the Patti what?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)  
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)  
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)  
(And now, prevention against sucka M.C.'s)

(We decided to change the cover a little bit)  
(Because we see the big picture)  
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)  
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)  
(Everybody's gonna know who this group is)

(We just felt that the picture wasn't as important as it was that we  
succeeied in crossing over)

(Cross over ain't nuthin' but a double cross)  
(Once we lose our audience we never gon' get them back)  
(He may even try to change our sound)

[POS:]

Let no man put asunder  
Severin' the groups I never blunder  
Cashin' all the checks on the mic  
I might cherry to the bush, brand Plug Wonder  
Funk to the fame against hoods  
Bridges saggin' to woods down under  
They can't be raised with the feminine praise  
In conjunction with no chocolate in the mix  
White boy Roy cannot feel it  
But the first to try and steal it  
Dilute it, pollute it, kill it  
I see him infiltratin' to the masses

And when the leechin' I mo shoot 'em all in they asses

*[GURU:]*

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Yeah!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke  
(It's the Patti what?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Aaah!!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

*[POS:]*

I shed light and not skin  
I ain't from Europe  
Afro connects at the root of the retina of the third  
Mums the word when ya blind baby  
Blind to the fact  
Don't rest in Compton so I don't own a gat  
But respect is clear crystal  
Cause Millie got a pistol  
And she's down with me  
Wild of most wild  
Born child to the old school legitimate (soul)  
Talker of the many paragraphs ago  
Walker of the plenty broken calves ago  
Phantom of the phrase black in many ways  
Cause I see her runnin' through the trenches  
Comin' in to rent my style

*[GURU:]*

I'm not the one to fuck with

*[POS:]*  
I'm lockin' you out

*[GURU:]*  
I'm just not to fuck wit so check it  
Y'all know who I am  
Listen up son  
Peace to my man Premier  
And y'all better guard your trenches 'cause we runnin' through 'em

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)  
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)  
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Tell me somethin' huh?)

(How come they never cross over to us, huh?)

(I never seen five niggas on Elvis Presley album cover!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "I Be Blowin'"

*[MACEO PARKER:]*

(I am Maceo. I be blowin' the soul out of this horn)

*[Instrumental track with light tambourine/hi hat beat in background, children playing on a city playground]*

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Long Island Wildin"

(feat. Kan Takagi, Scha Dara Parr)

*[Intro]*

get into groove now, something like  
givin' into my own shit, now

could a drummer have some y'all  
could a drummer have some more  
said a drummer ain't have none  
in a long time  
c'mon, drummer

bring that beat back, bring that beat back [x3]

y'all wanna hear that beat, right?

1,2 1,2

*[Kan Takagi In Japanese]*

uh

suttarakankan kankankankan Takagi Kan  
beat ni noseta kashi kore ichiban  
so toshi gin-yu shijin groove  
meguri megutte konomachi de furu  
TOYOTA ni HONDA nippou mo iroiro  
SONY chiba chiba sonota moromoro  
dashicha irukedo rap no rokuon  
marena koto daga ima rock on

*[Scha Dara Parr In Japanese]*

1 (1) 2 (2)

3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

13 jikan hikouki ni nokkari koko New York

(oh yeah)

bibiri jo jo jo

Ani Shinco Bose

(oh shit)

hora mite Prince Paul, Maseo, Pos ni Dove mo iru jan yo

eigo de nandaka itteru yo

(naanuu)

rap wo site miro to

gogo 2 ji studio

hai OK

richigi na boku ra ha mochi on time

ee member nanka dare hitoru kicha ine

5jikan karuuku keika shite

What's up?

wassa wassa to renchu kimashita

ha to kigatukya studio no naka  
yes, yes y'all  
we don't stop  
konna monde minasan ikaga desho

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Ego Trippin' (Part Two)"

[DOVE:]  
I'm buggin'

[POS:]  
E-ghostbusters

[DOVE:]  
Mercy, mercy, (ego trip, ego trip)  
Mercy! (ego trip, ego trip), Mercy!!!

[MASE:]  
Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!  
Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!  
Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!  
Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!

[DOVE:]  
Yep, yep big trucker man's rollin' in town  
How ya do, how ya do  
I got the joints to make ya...(JUMP!)  
Because I'm headin' eastbound  
Tired of the merry go round and around  
And everybody's talkin' bout you're so funny  
But they still tellin' lies to me  
I got the trees in my backyard  
And it's hard for them to tell a lie to me  
And who's the foot, I'm the foot but who's steppin'  
(Ain't no half steppin')  
You know where I'm steppin'  
Skirts play wit it cause I'm slick like that  
I'm the greatest MC in the world!!  
You gots to gimme gimme mine cause I'm heavy when I weigh it  
Watch the way I say it (ego trip)  
Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up  
I never did it  
The flavor's bein' butt but brothers ain't gettin' it  
Get it; or else you're a goner  
When I rolls over ya gonna have to wanna lamp  
Cause it's the chattanooga champ  
Takin' a train...Takin' a train...Takin' a train...Takin' a train...

[POS:]  
Now I'm somethin' like a phenomenon  
I'm somethin' like a phenomenon  
Well I'm the hourglass cat  
Drug it out of jack

[DOVE:]

For jill

[POS:]

Cause I spilled the phenomenon

Pack the holes in my lawn

The girls in my saun(a)

Word is born I'm a livin' phenomenon

Well I'm a better brand cause I'm a superman

I run the block with my circle cause I'm nubian

I got the platinum rust, so don't even fuss

Cause DJ Paul, he's down wit us

Now people stop takin' my stylin' for a joke

I don't sassafrass I put the foot up the ass

Sometimes I'm fast, blow off like a seal

[SHORTIE NO MAS:]

When they reminisce over you

[POS:]

For real

Mase chopped the record down to the bone

And now Renee King is on my telephone

But I got the Ring Ring Ha Ha Hey Hey

[SHORTIE NO MAS:]

Cause this type of shit it happens everyday

[POS:]

I got to make me a connection so my imports stuff

(WORD!) Wo, word 'em up

Cause I'm so fly...

[DOVE:]

Yes on and on

I'm ins like [?] go buy my yacht

I got Gills like Johnny

Sail at 7 elf (well good for ya)

Bigger than bigs, dig it (I dug it)

Ways that amazes popes

I am the is equals is cause it's caught up

When the tides taught me the ropes

No weights for the baits (man I'll give you four)

For a verb unheard of (man gimme one more)

Alright you got it if you're special

With a dapper toe tapper when a lot's goin' on

(And ain't a damn thing happenin')

The answer to the riddle is me and here's the question

Who can be (fresh)

Who can be (dope)

Who can be (nice)

Who can be (beautiful)

Who can be (word)

## Who can be....

[POS:]

Me be the Jericho turnpike bandit  
Yes competition try to troupe my way  
I sing the song you never heard before  
I feed the famine in your mind  
So mind ya manners baby  
I run a line on ya  
Lay ya on the springs then sway ya  
All this and a condom cause I be a taxpayer  
Motin' of a moccasin I skin like Danny Boone  
When I swallow hear the (gulp)  
Give me room just give me room back the hell u

[SHORTY NO MAS:]

Back the hell up  
Know what I'm sayin'

[POS:]

Or when I run the mic there won't be no delayin'  
Pressure 40 does it like a Easy Bake oven

## [DOVE:]

## Blues got the muffin

[SHORTY NO MAS:]  
Eat it

[DOVE:]

Blues got the muffin

[SHORTY NO MAS:]  
Eat it!!

[POS:]

Intoxicate many wit my talk without intoxicatin' myself low  
So I gots to walk slow but.....

[DOVE:]

(Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!  
Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!)

*[PRINCE PAUL:]*

Somebody's cryin'?

I know somebody's cryin'.

Who's cryin'?

Yo, somebody's cryin' here.

(Trippin' down the fuckin stairs)

(YEEAAAHHH!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Paul's Revenge"

(Yo, yo, yo, do it!)

[PAUL:]

Yo, what up. It's Paul. Got ten minutes each. I'm here... to get this  
piece to redo it, or there's one we left for you...  
whatever, whatever you said, I agree. That's why I was to get tore up on  
I Am I Be. That rhymed. Ummm...  
qu'est que c [?] Yo, man, they dissed me in the Source, man, they gave me  
no credit for my songs. For the Slick  
Rick stuff. Gave [?] credit for songs I did. That's a diss. I'm mad,  
man. I hate [?] and I hate [?]. And you  
can quote me. And you can record this and put this on a record. I hate  
em, I hate em. And I'mma get em. If it's  
the last thing I do. Anyway, hope you have a pleasant day. Peace.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "3 Days Later"

[POS:]

Smoothed out without the R and B  
(Mercy) Come on!  
(Mercy) Come on y'all!  
(Mercy) Come on!  
There's no R and B in this song  
So come along fly children come along  
Come along fly children come along  
Come along fly children come along  
There's no R and B in this song!

Pushed up a dame by the name of Crystal  
Who flaunts to the point just like a missile  
A habit wit ear kiddin' wit gold mags  
And since she fancies facial hair she asks my name  
(Hey baby what's your name?)  
Now ever so fab I said I'm wala  
Miss Wild who used to run tough wit Koala  
She was a winner of my metaphor and she knew that  
I said I'm gonna feed your mouth she said you do that  
Now Crystal stops the jeep I think I'm mad fly  
She used to have a man wit lots of mad signs  
Her strut was guaranteed to make a gay smile  
And in bed she had proved to be real agile  
I show her to the lounge and I dined her  
Then she gave me some digits where I could find her  
I licked her like a stamp  
Laid and sticked her like a champ  
But the... um she gave me burn  
I had to go see the doctor

(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer (Uhhhh)  
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer (Oh yeah)  
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer  
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer!

[DOVE:]

Well it was thirty after nine and I was loungin'  
Tokin' on some smoke that I was poundin'  
I rang up seven up so we can skip to the mall  
Thinkin' a good day to shop  
But then we got stopped  
A shooter man said "Yo this is a stick up"  
A whole lot of dirt was 'bout to kick up  
I had screens in my pocket  
And man, tonight's my date  
Wit Smokey Sue, now what was I to do?

In my head I'm thinking, 'Should I dodge the bullet?'

'Man this kid is bluffin' you can pull it'

I feared the whole scene,

The shooter didn't bluff

Now look at me now,

He shot my ass dead

(Yeah)

(You shouldn't have)

(I did, so let's get in the van)

(You shouldn't have)

(I did, so get in the fucking van!)

(I love you babe)

(I.. I love you babe)

(I love you babe)

(I love you babe)

Skeezer skeezer skeezer

Skeezer skeezer skeezer

Skeezer skeezer skeezer

Skeezer skeezer skeezer!

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Area"

(I can just remember the number...)

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] For me to patrol

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] That shows I got soul

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] For me to patrol

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] That shows I got soul

I got soul you see, I'm swimming in the De La

I'm in my hood man, my manhood worries ya

I'm known for sampling of soul food

Off the old school plates

When I met up with my niggas from the 718

One the Jungle Bro, the other Questers from Queens

Yet I had the matrix of the 516 in my jeans

Still I sided with my funk to bring my second on call

For me and the Sheep, our mission's on the beach of 804

(You're runnin' on an empty tank)

But still get paid in full

(And get the girls)

Man, I'm packing gravitational pull

Bring the instamatic avalanche, my code intervenes

I'm out to scout the areas that remains to be seen

(What?)

[DOVE:]

Well, many many digits had me seeking in my Wizard

Man, who's ringing up my area (ooh) oh!

I used to shoe it to the bridge but that's gone

Like the 718's out of Vietnam

Sniffin' skypagers had me drugged

(Man I knew a psycho)

703's on my love bug

I made mates with the brothers up in 215

Crazy buddhas in my mind

My Chattanooga champ had me late for the camp

And my 202 keeps me marvellous

I guess Mars was my hideaway

But if the stars for a getaway...

[POS:]

Since I'm capable I conjure up a walk in this way

I slip a syllable for Aspen and a Chester souffle

I be the 919 seeker, 'cause ain't off logic

So when I'm with my crew I always have a place to sit

Due to this, a brother tries to play me  
(Yeah, like one in 514)  
Yo, some kid tried to flip on me  
They instigated a brawl  
(So we set our knuckles on stun and made them all fall)  
Then I just laughed  
(Ha ha ha ha ha)  
(We whooped that ass)  
And put the feelings aside, I know who I am  
I cast the grain by the pound  
I make sounds with the horn  
When I colour the corn, caught the fit  
And sit the two when honey slung the tip

*[DOVE:]*

Well I'm taking my finds to the 301's  
And I'm playing my flute in the rear kibbutz  
My man from the 908's, he don't like it like that  
So I pipes till the sunshine hikes  
A kettle of our master plan makes a Malibu idol  
(God forgive me) Well, it's a hook  
The third to the 0 to the 5 had top feel the vibe  
When the 516 played convicts

*[MASE:]*

The man Maseo is here to put the habit along  
And what you have, I'm 'bout to speak about your area code  
Is it 918? (No)  
Is it 212? (No)  
Speakin' on 404? (Hell no)  
What about 516? (I dunno)  
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)  
(Huh? What?)

*[POS:]*

Just another area for me to patrol  
I got status 'cause I'm baddest with the paint  
Giving upside down frowns to London wood 703  
Her moms didn't like it, I had to let be  
For the fact I lays bricks  
'Cause my semen ends with the letter T  
My seed is hard to submerge  
I play the tack in the wall if my rear's not watched  
'Cause some knuckle might just head for the urge  
But I got Prince Paul in the Area  
(Oh, it's like that now)  
I got Hot Dog in the Area  
(Heh heh heh)  
I got the Violators in the area  
(Aaah)

I's got the Violators in the area

(Aaah)

It don't matter where you hide, I clear up the fall

Cop the fuck outta here, you fake-ass fraud

Clear my area

(I'm going home now, I have been up all night.)

(I been up all night, it's still Friday to me.)

(Come on now. Hey, Ellory, I'm going home!)

(Bob to the bob, d-dang, d-dang diggy-diggy)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "I Am I Be"

### [Verse 1]

I am Posdnous

I be the new generation of slaves  
here to make papes to buy a record exec rakes  
the pile of revenue I create  
But I guess I don't get a cut cuz my rent's a month late  
Product of a North Carolina cat  
who scratched the back of a pretty woman named Hattie  
Who departed life just a little too soon  
and didn't see me grab the Plug Tune fame  
As we go a little somethin' like this  
look ma, no protection  
Now I got a daughter named Ayana Monay  
And I can play the cowboy to rustle in the dough  
so the scenery is healthy where her eyes lay  
I am an early bird but the feathers are black  
so the apples that I catch are usually all worms  
But it's a must to decipher one's queen  
from a worm who plays groupie and spread around the bad germ  
I cherish the twilight  
I maximize, my soul is the right size  
I watch for the power to run out on the moon  
(And that'll be sometime soon)  
Faker than a fist of kids  
speakin that they're black  
When they're just niggas trying to be Greek  
Or some tongues who lied  
and said "We'll be natives to the end"  
Nowadays we don't even speak  
I guess we got our own life to live  
Or is it because we want our own kingdom to rule?  
Every now and then I step to the now  
for now I see back then I might have acted like a fool  
Now I won't apologize for it  
This is not a bunch of Bradys  
but a bunch of black man's pride  
Yet I can safely say  
I've never played a sister by touching where her private parts reside  
I've always walked the right side of the road  
If I wasn't making song I wouldn't be a thug selling drugs  
But a man with a plan  
and if I was a rug cleaner  
betcha Pos'd have the cleanest rugs I am.

### [Verse 2]

The Plug Two brand with the flavour  
in the flute watch the sniffin'

so a sack of shows in demand  
I read the diction from the second page  
    I got the one-two gauge  
    baritone to the izm fan  
Trees fall so I can play ground with my ink  
    So let me need ya to my ems go  
    I push the infinite and carry it  
    My carrier's the three over one  
    so my pluggins already know  
    Lick shots with moo  
    catch the boo  
from a ghost in the heckling crowd  
    if I give a foot  
    Jack Ville caught a spill  
when a still came from my mouth  
    I brought a head down south  
I don't check for the noose and the neck  
    So I never tell my ems  
    that finesse is knocking at my door  
I choose to run from the rays of the burning sun  
and dodge a needle washing up upon a sandy shore  
    I bring the element H with the 2  
so ya owe me what's coming when I'm raining on your new parade  
    It's just mind over matter  
    and what matters is  
    that the mind isn't guided by the punished shade  
    I keep the walking on the right side  
but I won't judge the next who handles walking on the wrong  
    Cuz that's how he wants to be  
    No difference, see  
I wanna be like the name of this song I am

*[Verse 3]*

I am Posdnous  
I be the new generation of slaves  
Here to make papes to buy a record exec rakes  
    the pile of revenue I create  
but I guess I don't get a cut cuz my rent's a month late  
    The deeds of a natural  
    are seeds that are no longer planted  
    so the famine in the mind is strong  
Tactics of another plane is now proven sane  
Sane enough to let you know from within this song  
I stabilize many cableized viewers  
    So my occupation's known  
    But not why I occupy  
    And that is to bring the peace  
not in the flower but the As-Salaam Alaikum in the third I am

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "In The Woods"

(Say party over here, party over here)  
(Say party over there, party over there)  
(Say party over here, party over here)  
(Say party over there, party over there)  
(Say party over here, party over here)  
(Say party over there, party over there)  
(Say party over here, party over here)  
(Say party over there, party over there)

### [DOVE:]

Hey yo you feel that shit (yeah it feels good)  
Well it's that thumpin shit (well I'm soakin too)  
I'll introduce the split (I'll be the go)  
I'll be the get  
Fixin with the ins for the outs we set  
Hey shortie (yeah mister)  
Make no mistake  
I challenge the bang for a bigger rhyme bouquet  
(you be buggin)  
Well i bugs like roaches on rugs  
Speaker of the bone like the speaks in my loans  
Give me the night baby and I'll be good in the woods  
Ya freakin my mind ya freakin my mind  
I told the maceo bout the days that go (he know)  
I know he know cuz he's out to get the gold  
The Chattanooga cruisin' with the malibu shit  
The bigger of the isa (cuz he is the shit)  
I'm like hickory (dickory niggas)  
I make you feel lost like high school history  
Creator of the rymin dominoes  
Watchin drop it's the joint see  
So hit me with the zsa zsa (indeed darling)  
The coolest fool be the coolest fool  
I know the watch be in the air but i kick a new bucket  
Sippin it wit shortie so check the way we cuff it  
It's that indonesia funk up in your trunk  
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob  
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob  
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob  
  
It's that funky shit (in the woods)  
That be beyond understandin (in the woods)  
Yo we do it with the soul (in the woods)  
Timber (in the woods)

### [POSDNOUS:]

Punch that O for operator baby its a love solid

I been stylin abstract since loose leafs was the shit  
Catch me breathin on planes where the gangstas outdated  
    Fuck being hard posdnous is complicated  
    As my pants play the sagatogah I can order sniffs of  
Frequencies frequencies cuz I freak mc's with the rhythm rock live  
    (man I'd rather point a pistol at ya head and try to burst it)  
    No jive in the matter so niggas start runnin  
    Yo that native shit is dead so the stickabush is comin  
    (stickabush) it's comin (stickabush) it's here  
    Fuck the five count it only takes three to bring it near  
    So let me move ya won better as the salad is tossed  
    And get a taste of the mase that you thought was lost

I'm cautious wit my looks (in the woods)  
Pickin them nines in my hair (in the woods)  
Sniffin for the beats like litter (in the woods)  
The plugs just can't be found (in the woods)

*[SHORTIE NO MAS:]*

Can I come off like the rest of em I think I should  
    Could I of course one verse now ya lost it  
    Found it realizing I came off it sounds mean  
    But pal there's a new kid on the scene  
    I got much soul on the down low tip  
    Lay back smooth one drink I'll be trippin  
    Never don't you dare consider me a fly gal  
    Pal I got props on a different tip  
    I recall back i go for mines I get the goods  
Wouldn't you know forgot my compass I got lost in the woods  
    Found my way and I was out i pronounce every letter  
    And if I had the chance I'd do it better  
I heard a holler down the way and now I'm out for the time being  
    Ya wanna be in but you can't see what I'm seein  
    Time and time my friend I stay gettin it on  
    And now they playin my song again

I got feminine style (in the woods)  
I'm not tryin to be sexy (in the woods)  
And no you can't knock the boots (in the woods)  
A lot of things be happenin (in the woods)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Breakadawn"

Ah one two, ah one two  
Ah one two, ah one two

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."  
Ah one two, ah one two [x6]

### *[Verse 1: Posdonus]*

I was born in the Boogie Down catscan  
where my building fell down on the rats and  
people sorta super wanna trip to the penile (penile)  
While I settle off the shores of the Long Isle  
My father's clean not mean my mind is clear when I transmit  
I am the man-ner of the family cuz the pants fit  
I want to let forensics prove, that I can mends  
Groove wit the thread from needle outta hay, wanna say  
salutations to the nation of the Nubians  
We bout to place you in that (3 Feet) of stew again  
I got the frequency to shatter Mrs. Jones' perm  
I gotta (Hey Love) all the honies cause they're short term  
Tallyin the score I'm for the shottie in the jacket  
For the brother he's a nigga when he packs it  
So get your butt out the sling, I stung Muhammad float a note  
that means I'm def, so like the autographs you sign until the

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."  
Ah one two, ah one two [x4]

### *[Verse 2: Dove, Posdonus]*

Aiyyo groove with the mayor, hazard on the sayer  
Wave the eighteen mill', eat a still  
sack or bag of troubles, make the single double  
Loop the coin and join the minimum wage  
I had a plan if I was the man, I'd throw the J  
Lay it low and late night I get sessed  
Uncondition my ways, of the everyday sunset  
Wagin my days, to the one bet  
Cause your breaks'll have the carrot of cakes, whether mine  
Out of line, I breeze into the early mornin  
Freak the WIC call and get a tap on my shoulder  
cause the days of the breaks, be just about over  
The arts of the six won't play my bag of tricks  
I got the sevens in my pocket somewhere  
Reasons for the Cheer All Temperature here  
I keep it to the rear, and then I'm EXPLODING

I be the fab I be the fabulous but see unlike the Chi  
I got the flea up in the name "ah one two, ah one two"

Can't no one bend my cousin from the Peter Piper like the others  
latchin on to when I caught the fame "ah one two, ah one two"  
Pass the task to ask me bout the Native Tongue again my friend  
I tell you Jungle Brothers (On the Run) "ah one two, ah one two"

I'm shakin hands with many devils in the industry  
Believe the Genesis life fill with stills mean that I'm def  
so like the autographs you sign until the

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."  
Ah one two, ah one two [x4]

*[Verse 3: Dove, Posdonus]*

We in the mornin at the end, but in the end I be the is  
cause in the mix, man, it's alright  
Momma got the rhythm to my daylife  
My pops gots enough so best to leave or sail the waves  
to the Long I laid the anchor in the 'Ville  
And how I relate, the same side of my gates  
Paper days, mess up my mind, ground zero degrees  
and the weather feels fine  
You opened my eyes man, thought I had a man  
But how could I eyescan, I wasn't around  
I seen the states and played the dates in the far-far  
Gathered the new, from the zoas around  
Grew up with Mikey Rodes and played the codes  
Sometimes I don't budge, without my cou's Fuzz/fuzz  
A simple, "How ya do?" Ah check it from my friends and my crew  
makes it definitely special

Now there's no (Shiny Happy People) in the crew we play the rough  
I got the huff, and puff, to blow the house low  
You know the neverending factor while I'm over, tell a squid  
I know an Enterprising brother, so report to the bridge  
I bounce a ball with my left, a squid with my right  
(Cause a squid is just a punk) Yo he deserved to lose the fight  
I might meander 'cross your dream, travellin up the stream  
Plug Wonder Wonder Why you're lonely tonight  
We see the girls scream as if we're shocked by the live shell  
Let's round em up and get em back to the hotel  
motel, holiday, inn-fact!  
I'm gonna let you know, once again, that De La Soul  
is sure to show you we will hit the charter harder  
than the normal rappin fool "ah one two, ah one two"

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Dave Has A Problem... Seriously"

*[DOVE:]*

Yo Merc, it's Dave, you there?

Hello. Hello, Merc. Hello. Hello, Merc.

Hello. Merc, hello. Hello. Hello, Merc.

Hello. Hello. Hello, Merc.

Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.

Hello. Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!

Hello! Hello! Huh! Huh! Huh!

Help me! Help me! Help me! Help me!

Huh! Hah! Huh! Huh! Huh! Oooh! Oooh! Oooh!

Feel the funk, baby!

# De La Soul Lyrics

"Stone Age"

(feat. Biz Markie)

*[BizMarkie starts out the song beatboxing while De La Soul chants the words "I'll beatbox"]*

*[Dove]* Ah mic test one two

*[BizM]* Aww man, I check it better

*[DeLa]* Ah whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?

*[BizM]* I hit the rhyme with the mayonnaise, that's what I mean

*[DeLa]* Ah whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?

*[BizM]* Man I got beats up my sleeve like you wouldn't BELIEVE!

*[DeLa]* Whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?

*[BizMarkie]*

Ah with my "ah one two" I substitute about a loop

So let me serve with the slope, with the Plug of two scoops!

*[Dove]*

Mr. Miyag' never did dip for Dove

Bootleggers my legs and, grit about a hug

And who gets the Motts, I knots by the chance

I rain-dance.. I rain-dance

But steppin just a bit I don't need another shadow

Makes makes, is gonna be the new man's motto

Don't increase the bull, because my pulley is broken

and my belly is full

It's a second I reckon on the bone and the ball

Makin London bridges fall, so check it

I bring a point to the joints that we change and chop

but we could bring it back to the beatbox!

*[BizMarkie beatboxes with style and soul]*

*[Posdonus]*

I'm Posdonus Plug Wonder.. plotter

Serenade her cause I gotta.. record

When in the womb I was naked.. now I

chill with latex cause of how I, enter

the black wood without a splinter, provin

I had the chills what helps in movin, asses

Saw the light cause I got glasses, so we

sip the cappuccino slowly

*[BizMarkie]*

I'sah makes the big money!

I drive big

*[Posdonus]*

cars, serve the bubble like a bar.. tender

When in flight like a sender, lace  
Sticks of dynamite on bass, head

*[BizMarkie]*  
Lace the shoe until he dead

*[Shorty No Mas]*  
Run! Cause the cop is gonna come  
This my Plug style

*[Posdonus]*  
so they can kiss my, grits  
Hold my balls without a mitt.. grab  
the mouthpiece to talk the dag.. nabit  
I keeps goin like that rabbit, rico-  
-chet a dame I need a Snicker, satis-  
-fy the Norman to the Gladys, Knight  
My glasses help me see the light, so we  
sip the capuccino slow

*[BizMarkie]*  
In life, it's what you see is usually whatcha

*[Posdonus]*  
get, won't take a Drag-without-a-Net, no

*[BizMarkie]*  
To put the rhythm in the, bone

*[Posdonus]*  
marrow, laid the pipe to please Cari-lou

*[BizMarkie]*  
I don't know!

*[Posdonus]*  
If it's true..  
.. THAT'S A FUMBLE!  
WELL CATCH A FEVER FROM THE JUNGLE  
Chocolate, nubian girls flock to it, sweets  
And if I can't sample beats, get the  
beatbox equipped with the, dirt  
BizMark and Doug E. works, fine  
Mase work the wheel I tangle lines, HARK  
the light is thirsty in the dark  
so we..

*[BizMarkie beatboxing while De La Soul chants the words "I'll beatbox"]*

*[Dove]*  
It's like I saw it in the river but my M wasn't fixed  
Super heavy like a Chevy pump a Maseo mix  
I had some screams in my pockets, and played it kinda hush

and did the outs (got to check out, the avenue)  
I peeped the [?] Zoah [?] on the gimme gimme, plus we hit the plat'  
Then the amps was on samp's, the villains got fat  
The Natives weren't the neighbor then to, NIGGA PLEASE  
It's a hustle for a joint when your settlement G's  
But we still be on the wax because it acts like that  
We still be on the moves because it moves like that  
So there ain't no reason to don't stop  
Cause we can bring it back to the beatbox!

*[BizMark finishes it off]*

"Yo who, I don't know who was on the mic man  
This thing smell awful here man.."